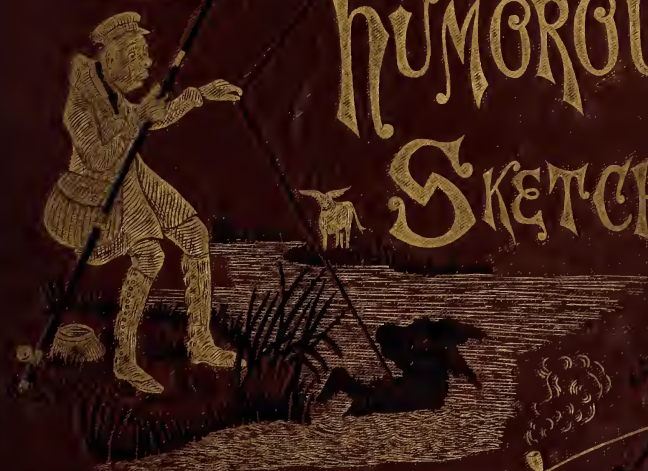




SEYMOUR'S HUMOROUS SKETCHES

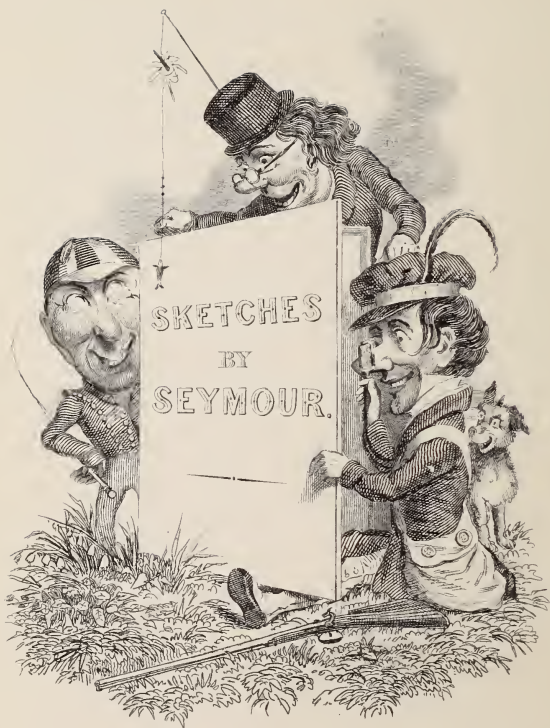


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SEYMOUR'S
H U M O R O U S
SKETCHES.

NINETY-SEVEN CARICATURE ETCHINGS.

London:
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P R E F A C E.



THIS New Edition of "SEYMOUR'S HUMOROUS SKETCHES" is now for the first time offered to the public free from the incumbrances of letter press. In fact, the conceptions of this famous Artist so speak for themselves, that they produce a hearty and spontaneous laugh. The English people have such a true admiration of genuine humour, that any laboured description is a stumbling block rather than an advantage to them, and the attempted explanations which are given lead them to exclaim, as Byron said of Coleridge, "I wish he would explain his explanation." The author who tries to write up to such Sketches as these, resembles a poor translator into English of a famous French *jeu d'esprit*, or the murderer of a good joke told us over our wine and walnuts.

THE PUBLISHER.



*Here's a fine pheasant I shot on Humpstead Heath!
Ah! & here's a beautiful fish I caught in the New River!*



Fishing for Jack!!!



This mill makes a plaguety hammering



Oh! Bill, I cant fix the Post.

Then ve shall lose our precious lives, fer heres such a whirlpool.



Hollo, Jim its well you snapt at the hook.



This is werry pleasant here if I doesnt get cotched



Here's sport !! by Jingo Bill, we've nickt it for once



Got a Bile



Hoy ! Hoy ! Pull away, zur, yer caught a faine un now.



Gone!!!



*Holoo ho hoy' why don't you bring the boat -
He hoy' I want to come ashore, boat he hoy' "*



You scoundrel! how dare you leave me all day out in the rain?
Lawks Sir, them's the times good anglers gets the best sport



A Country Practitioner about to serve an ejectment



*I say Jack are there any fish in this pond ?
There may be, but I should think they were werry small, cause there
was no water in this here pond, afore that there rain yesterday*





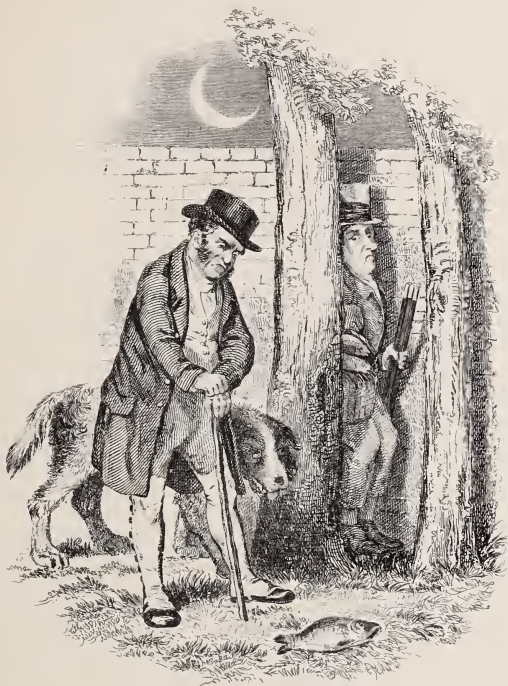
*You'll ruin all my Tackle. stand still my good fellow,
I'll pull it out!!*



Ho hey boat, help, help, get me away from this Bull



With that dog, not a bit like there?
No, but I'm afraid I shall soon have one.



Not so pleasant

Holloa! heres some d— A rascal been stealing the fish this evening, if I catch him, I'll break every bone in his skin



*If those cy Ducks vill snap at our bacon ve cant help it can ve Jim
Oh no, to be sure ve only trys for some fishes*



*By Tom, ye hav'nt brought any percussion caps, vol a
Bully go." Go indeed, I think its no go."*



*I'm a going a sporting tower through Awd Vahs, so ven I gets
amongst the mountains and I sees a neagle, I shall shoot him,
and in the walths yere the lakes run, if there's any salmon, I shall
catch 'em, and if I see I've got a real velsh Pony for an oss.*



*Here's a chance ' Ill creep back a step or two tho'
or I shall blow him all to pieces*



Murder! Thieves! Murder!



I think I shall circumvent 'em now !!!





I'll teach you to come here shooting, you wagabone !



*Devilish lucky we brought the brandy, how should we
have kept the cold out else?*



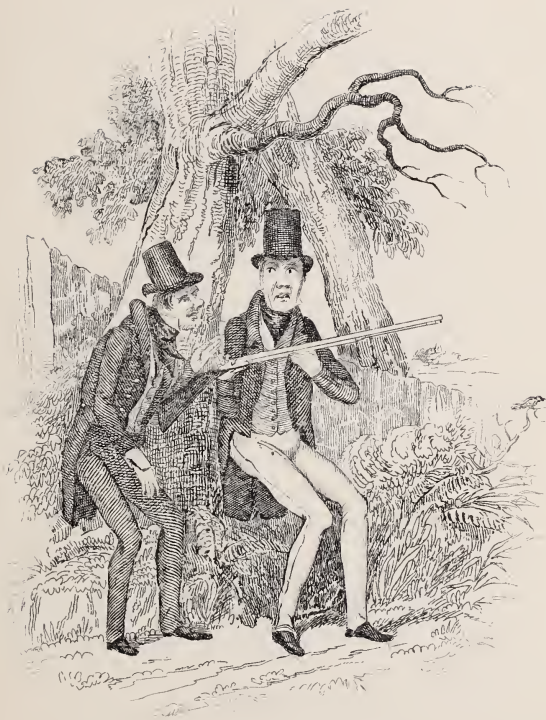
*Hubbaho, mister shooter! is it kissing you'd be after,
You must wear a vellee as well as myself first, darlint.*



*Isay waterman. I suppos. we shall see some wild ducks up about
Buttorsea. I don't know, Sir but I've seen many a goose there.*



*Ha, ha, ha ! excuse me Sir, but its so wonderful, you have blown
the wild bunnies out of their own brown skins into the black
and white Jackets of lame rabbits*



*I think you'd better have first fire.
No thank 're, by no means.
Well then are you surr the Gun won't burst?*



Our Gun - Sporting Partnership - Stock in hand



Fetch it Prim, fetch it, Vy vot a perverse dog you are.



whats the odds I dont give em Pepper ?



*Oh! vot a Beautiful pheasant !
Pop him into the bag, Tom*



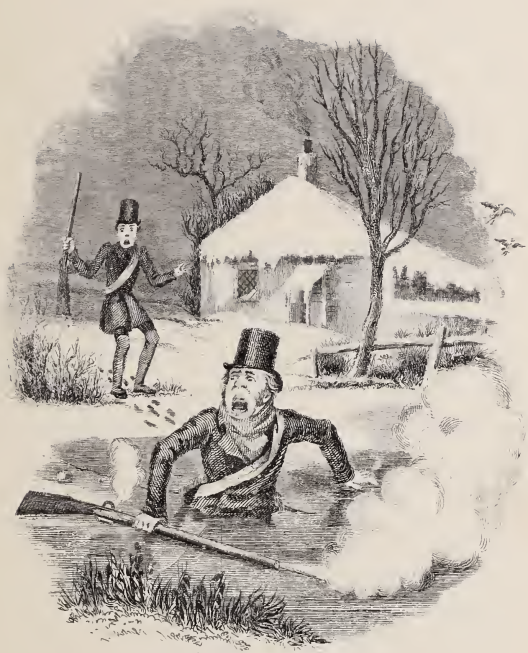
*Ch. Bob. I wish it would give ever my fiddle strings do so
grumble for want of their dinner*



What is that an Arc?



*Caught - a ducking.
Holloa Bob, where are you going to?*



Looking for Snipes



*These appear very ferocious animals. I wish my place was loaded,
hiss! hiss! yet the deuce are they hissing at?*



The shooting Pony

I shall come within range presently





A Dangerous Spark.



*We had better turn back, we shall be wet through and catch
our death of cold!*

*I never turn back, never get wet through, never catch cold,
all my togs from head to heel are made of Hancock's India
Rubber Waterproof.*



*Mere birds, my little fellow well, dont hurry me, dont hurry me.
I make a point of doing every thing with the greatest deliberation.*



I wonder if I could shoot that Rat? but lawks if I miss, he might fly at me.



*My good woman you sho^d keep your pigs tied up
in the shooting season.*





*Get out of my grounds, you Cockney rascals!!!
Ye'r a going as fast as ye can!*



Hark! hark! the lark at Heavens gate sings.



*You wont leave me to be robd and murdered ,
Not if you make haste, but I'm sure that fellow's a footpad*



*My good man, can you inform me where I can meet
with any hares like those on your pole ?
Hairs, my gunner, the only hairs I see are a runny
lot on your own pole !*



*What a savage looking Hunimal!! I dont think it worth while
to go over.*



*I say, my hearty, thens the chaps to shoot,
Thev! yv vot dy they shoot?
Lov, love ye! they're going to shoot the bridge now.*



dang it pincher hold on fast!



Just wait till I've primed my Tulip !!!



*Got the davel are you shooting at through the Hedge?
Aye's! Them ere brown things an't Hares, them's
Gipsey babbies."*



*Not with buying powder and shot, and keeping that 'ere
sporting dog, shooting's werry expensive.*



*You shoot my Ducks, and I Duck you,
dip an again my lads*





At a Concert.



Snuffing.



Smoking



Anticipation

You see that white cottage in the moonlight just there lie heck'd many a trout of two pounds: down by those poplars are some capital chub holes and in the middle deeps of a morn'g the great Barble lay rolling in the sunshine like so many beer barrels.



The Club.

(President singing) His wife she bit off half her tongue,
But vot a sad disaster,
The other half more active rung,
And scolded all the faster



Eat away Ned! it's only eighteen pence much or little



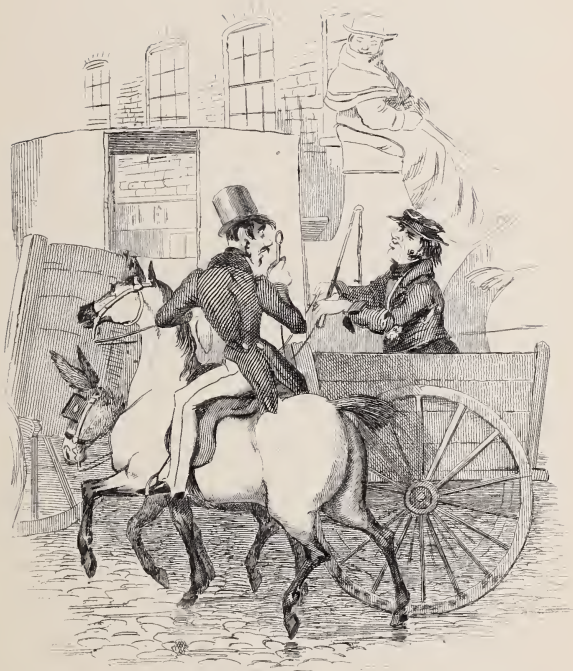
Three for an hour.



*This ess hasn't learnt to climb over the stiles yet, and I
won't have him again.*



A Doctor under a course of Bark



*Holla, my good man, are you aware, that the veel of your wheicle
is soiling my pantaloons?
Oh grumpy, then, wyldest you get out of the way of the veel.*



*Oh are my horses' ears as you say, they want, now looking after:
they less main quiet, in rows their way looker crabs.*



Just as he, with ineffable grace, lifted his hat to salute the ladies, the horse went on his knees, and deposited the beau in a puddle at their feet.



Come I'll bet y'r a Pot he don't do 10 Mile an hour.



Nocturnal delight of a gothic cottage.

Wh oo-oo-oo's there.



The pleasures of weaning !!!



This is only my husband !!!



The Ghost Story

At this awful moment the Lady we are writing of, beheld something white glide through the desolate apartment, when all of a sudden a tremendous crash &c.&c.



A Declaration !!!



*I says the lady shall go in our Buss she lookid at us furst
Get away you warrmint, she vinkid at us*



KENSINGTON GARDENS.

A hint to the Ladies!!



*Look, Papa, our dancing master says I do
this as well as Taglioni!*



*Kitty take these books to the library and get M^{rs} Brown
to change them, tell her I'm find of the romantic.*



Bent to start for Richmond at ten, nearly dressed, silk stockings, black lights, and last clean shirt, hoping to make an impression on the rich widow: see three hairs left unshaved, seize the razor: hand shakes, frightful gush, bleeds for an hour.



Oh crakey Bill! see vere your ugly dog is a shaking himself.



*I say, Mr^s Jones! how werry vulgar it looks to see you put
your nose in the pet so!*



Eyes Right!



Stand at Ease



Prisoner Who would not die for the glorious liberties we enjoy?
Soldier D me what I fear we shall lose is our holy Religion D me



Modest Assurance.

*See, Teddy, I've broke your hod!
So you'll get it mended, and that in a crack.
For sure I'll want to borrow it again this Afternoon.*



A scramble for puff pastry, puff'd down by a puff of high wind.



A slight Mistake

Wet dye set your great dog at my little 'un for!



I say Jim, vot made you give up your independence and go into the workhouse?—vy my old gal had sich a blessed long tongue, that ven this new Poor Law flact comes separating Man & Wife, says I, thats the werry thing ve poor people vant, ve never before couldnt get a divorce.



*What shall I have the honor Gentlemen of selecting for your
Evening studies.*

Let's have any thing wot's short & not werry dry.



*I say, Jim, now yer a Lawyer, I wents a bit of advice
Chvery well, Bill, but can you pay for it though?*



*What can ye say agin me ye faggot
I've yer a scaly fillet any how*



The cobbler is a man of a very different kind from the one who is
 the first to be seen in the street, and who is the first to be seen in the street.



*Dy' see sir, I labours hard all the week, and on Sundays
I likes a little gardening recreation.*



*"Well I don't think it can be blasphemy for us to sing out -
 'Laws has mercy upon us' No, sure its not nothing at all
 o' the sort, and we ought to know seeing as how they calls us
 clergymen"*



Stop Thief, Stop Thief.



An Editor in a small way; after pretending a Great deal about his correspondents, is here supposed to have received a letter

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